# THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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## SELECTED TALES.

*From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.*

### OFF THE CAPE.

BY DICK STANTON, OF PHILA.

'Maintop!' shouted the captain of our little privateer, as he ran his eye up rapidly to where the look-out sat on his lofty perch.

The man turned, but his answer was lost in the shrill sharp whistling of the gale.

'Keep a sharp look out to windward!' again thundered my uncle.

'Ay, ay, sir!' came faintly down.

'It's a hurricane of a blow, Dick—I shouldn't wonder if it brings the frigate down upon us—how the old storm howls around the cape! Did you ever before see a sight like that?' said my uncle, as stopping suddenly, he pointed over the weather-quarter, towards the murky horizon.

We were rounding the cape. The wind for two days had gone on increasing until it now blew such a hurricane as, even in that stormy latitude, is rarely seen. The night before, young as I was, I had watched the sun go gloomily down—and as I saw the long waves, waves, which seemed to run a quarter of a mile, sweeping against the frowning horizon, I had stood more proudly on our little quarter deck that I had gazed on a scene so awfully sublime. The dark horizon above, the vast waves heaving heavily up, the singing of the blast as it swept through the rigging, continued to raise in my awe-struck mind emotions of mingled wonder and fear. Now, however, the scene was changed. The morning was just breaking, and all was dim. There was no longer the magnificent horizon of a stormy sea stretching in awful grandeur around us, but the morning mists curtained all from our sight, and we could see nothing but the waves, whitening on our quarter, and the spray driving into the thick darkness ahead—into which we as rapidly followed. The brig had labored so uneasily in the night that she had been put before the wind, and was now scudding along with the tempest at a frightful rate. The gale tore crashingly along, bearing us with it 'as on the wings of the wind.' Aloft, nothing but a close-reefed foretopsail was seen, straining in the gale that rattled through the rigging. The tall, trim bare masts looked gallantly against the sky. The darkness, the uncertainty, and, most of all, the anxious look on my uncle's face, stirred a new and strange feeling within me—it was something akin to fear.

'A sail!' suddenly sung the look-out at the maintop

'A sail!' came hoarsely sweeping from the foreyard.

'Where away?' asked the captain, glancing hastily around.

'Close on the'——

'Heavens! it's the Englisher!' ejaculated the captain, drowning the lookout's cry. 'How she staggers on to us—she'll run us down, by Jove!'

I looked to windward and, sure enough, there was our old enemy, from whom, but four days since, we had escaped, careering almost in our wake. She was an English frigate of the largest class, and, with a press of canvass on her that made every thing crack again, was dashing rapidly out of the morning fog. At first, only her tall masts were seen above the thick mists—then her yard-arms rolled into the clear space, and at last, her dark, trim, jaunty hull shot out of the fog, until the enormous mass, driving along with a cloud of foam, had come so near that I could with ease have flung a biscuit on her decks.

'We can't carry much more, Mr. Townsend?' said inquiringly, uncle's lieutenant.

'She must carry more, Mr. Grayson,' said the old man—and, raising his voice he shouted rapidly—

'All hands aloft—shake the reef out of that foretopsail—quick to it, my lads—man clew garnets—quick, there, for your lives!'

I had involuntarily ran forward, but stopped, and during the whole of the breathless scene that followed, stood on the weather-bow.

'Hand me the trumpet!' shouted our brave old commander. 'Quarter-master, look as sharp as a nor' wester—we'll give it to 'em yet!'

Though sail after sail had been spread on our little brig with the rapidity of magic, our pursuer had already such a press of canvass on, and had acquired such a frightful momentum, as to leave no chance of escape. She had discovered us at the same moment we had discovered her, and though it was certainly accident at first, that brought us in this dangerous juxta-position; she soon showed that her commander was determined to make the most of his advantage. Steadily, therefore, and without swerving a point, she came sweeping down upon us, on our windward quarter, her enormous bow overtopping our low stern, and spar on spar towering far above our little masts.

'Ship ahoy!' came in sentences down the gale, 'heave to—his majesty's ship—run you down'

'Run down, and be——!' roared our commander. 'Hurrah for the old thirteen!'

A thundering cheer burst in answer from our tars, and was replied to by another from the crew of the frigate, who now crowded every part of her lower rigging.

'Heave to!' again came in the stirring tones of the trumpet, down the wind.

Old Townsend answered not a word. He stood in the main-rigging, still and motionless, grasping his trumpet with the clutch of a Hercules, and eyeing his enemy with the eye of a hawk, as bent on her dreadful purpose, she came rushing down, leviathan like, upon us. Not a breath was drawn on board either ship. Our oldest sailors grasped the rigging, in momentary expectation of the approaching wreck, while every eye was fastened on the dark hull that came driving along with the foam. Her lofty bow was already up to our quarter, her giant yards nearly interlocked with our own as she rolled—a second of awful suspense ensued, and just as a practised eye might have seen, the extremity of the jib boom swerve the centre of a hair's breadth towards us, old Townsend, without taking his eye from her hull, waived his trumpet, and shouted, in a voice of thunder—

'Starboard—hard—down!'

'Starboard, quarter-master, h-a-r-d!' rung out the frigate, and the enormous mass swinging rapidly round, came bearing down upon our bow.

Our commander had seen all this, and calculated to a nicety. Had he given the word sooner, the frigate would have had time to follow him, but by deferring it to the last moment he had a chance that she would be taken unaware, and shoot harmlessly across our bow. She would then scarcely dare to tack, for he knew, in such a gale, with the difficulty of getting possession of us if we should be taken, she would not venture being laid on her beam ends by a wave taking her in the waist—a danger to which, by the way, all vessels built like men-of-war are peculiarly liable. The daring manœuvre had well nigh succeeded. But the frigate had approached so near as to take our wind, and thus, though our brig shot rapidly to leeward, her colossal form almost as rapidly came rushing across our bowsprit. There was a crash, a crack like thunder, a roll, a heave, and the next instant I was hurled from my look-out a fathom deep into the sea.

When I rose to the surface, the first thing that I did was to strike out for my life Happily a spar floated by me, and eagerly grasping it, I felt myself for the time secure Shaking the spray from my face, I looked around for our brig, and to my surprize beheld her hove-to windward, and seemingly uninjured except in her forward rigging She was rapidly, away into the mist, and I began, with a fearful feeling, to think of myself. In the hurry and confusion which I knew must result, I had little chance of being missed, and I was now floating on the ocean with nothing but a frail spar for my support. The velocity with which I was urged through the water surprised me, but another wave at this moment dashed over me, and I rose again, drenched to the surface. Shaking the spray off, I looked up and saw that I had grasped what was apparently a broken spar from the frigate, to which, by its hamper, it was still attached. The hope which had died in my breast revived, and I shouted aloud. But all this had not occupied a minute.

'Keep her to it, quarter-master—we can do nothing with the Yankee in such a gale, and our foretopsail yard gone,' muttered the officer of the deck. 'Away there,' he sang out in a louder tone, 'hurry up that spar—send the carpenter off!' and then came the quick hurrying of feet on the deck over my head.

I was hurried along, buried in the train, and dragged with my spar almost under the hull of the frigate Consequently, I was not discernable from the deck. I saw this, and shouted again, for it was my only hope. They did not hear me. I could feel that the cordage which kept my spar to the frigate was slowly loosening, and at every surge I fell farther towards the stern. I renewed my shouts in a voice of alarm.

'Cut away that hamper!' thundered angrily, the officer of the deck.

'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, in frightful desperation, 'cut me not loose—hilloo!'

My impotent cries were echoed from the overhanging side of the frigate, or lost in the loud roarings of the gale, and in an instant, a quick jerk, I was cast loose, a wave surged over me, and when again I rose to the surface, I was far astern of the now rapidly receding man-of war, I shouted again—but it was in vain. The loud splashing of the waters easily drowned my feeble voice.

I renewed again, with more despairing feelings, my efforts—but what could a poor boy do amid such a fearful warring of the elements? Before a quarter of an hour, the frigate was well down to leeward, carrying a press of sail, and swinging her tall masts, as she rolled towards the wave.

Meanwhile, with a feeling which none but those who have been in a situation can imagine, I clung to my spar, and was borne onwards with the enormous billows. Every instant a wave washed over me, drenching me with its cold spray, and shaking me almost loose from my support. Now I rose towards the clouds on some gigantic billow, and then, with its crest foaming over me, I was hurled, with frightful velocity, into the abyss below. Tossed, drenched, cold, and wearied, I had neither hope nor plan. When I rose to the top of the long wave I would look eagerly around me, but the same desolate scene on all hands met my eye. The morning mists had cleared away, but it was only to disclose in more terrific grandeur the vast prospect that stretched around. The intensity of a hurricane, singular as, to landsmen, it may seem always has the effect of leveling the waves, and wrapping the ocean in a cloud of driving spray, which shuts every thing momentarily from the sight. It was only at intervals, therefore, I could catch a glimpse of the horizon.

The frigate was nearly full down to leeward, flitting like a sea gull away in the white foam. Off to windward, rising and falling on the giant billows, her trim masts clearly defined against the sky, was my only hope, our little privateer. And how faint was that hope! It was against human probability that I, an eager, half-souled boy, should ever stand upon her deck again. She was now lying with her head to the wind, tossing on the surge, and if she altered her course, it would scarcely be in the direction of her powerful foe, where only she would meet me. There was no prospect before me but a lingering, horrid death. It was with difficulty I could cling to my spar—every wave that washed over weakenee me, and often came with a jerk so sudden as almost to fling me from my hold. The gale, though it seemed to lull, still continued with awful power, and in its dying strength only left the swell more dangerous. As I thought of all this my heart died within me. I saw nothing for my fate but protracted death—starvation, and perhaps worse. For a moment I was tempted to drop my hold, and put an end to my suspense at once. But better feelings came across me. I thought of my poor widowed mother, and the solemn counsel she had given me as she laid her hands meekly on my young head, and charged me, with her faltering, dying tones, never to forget my God. It came across my memory in that dreadful hour like the whispering voice of an angel. I thought, too, of our sweet little New England cottage, and of the graveyard where my mother was laid. I burst into tears of contrition, and lifting up my voice, alone on that stormy ocean, with no one to hear me but my God, I prayed. The rushing hurricane bore it to the Being who holds the winds in his hands.

An hour must have passed while I was thus hopelessly tossed on the deep. As the morning advanced, the distance had gradually increased between the brig and myself. Suddenly I lost sight of her, and then, looking again, I saw she was once more put before with, and was coming rapidly down towards me, with her foresail raining in the gale. I knew now the storm was lulling. I felt a new life within me. But a moment before, in that calm resignation which the certainty of our fate, however dreadful, brings upon us, I had gazed almost with apathy upon her—but now, as if by magic, my whole nature seemed changed, the stony disregard was gone, hope and fear ebbed in my heart, and a thousand stormy feelings rushed tumultuously through my soul. I clutched my spar, and strained my eyes upon the brig, trembling lest I should have deceived myself. The surges still washed over me, but I gazed dripping on that distant beacon ship. Once or twice she swerved a little from her course, and I held my breath till she wore round again. It was a half hour of thrilling suspense.

Down at length she came. She was now not more than two cables length distant, and with but one sail set, and every rope cracking in the strain, the spray at intervals sweeping far away by her, and at others burying her hull in the thick, white mist, she came careering over the thick white mist, she came careering over the giant billows with the velocity of a desert horse. It was plain, however, I was not seen. I shouted with all my might, but my puny voice went unheard down the gale. I had nothing to raise as a signal—how then could I attract attention? I knew, too, the difficulty with which a small object as my spar and myself could be seen in such a gale, and my late towering hopes at the thought, perished in the bud. But a few minutes would decide my fate.

All at once I heard faintly the tap of the drum. They had at length missed me, and were beating to quarters to make it sure. I knew now that nothing would be omitted to recover me, but alas! how could they hope to find me so near them—besides the brig was already nearly upon me, and in a few minutes more would shoot by, perhaps forever. There was no time to be lost. I roused up my chilled faculties, and shouted with all my strength.

'Foretop, there, do you see any thing of him?' thundered a well known voice.

'No, sir,' came mournfully down the gale.

To be so near succour, to hear that voice, and yet loose all—it was so overpowering.

'Up to the main top—look sharp, my good fellow, said the same anxious voice.

'A point or two,' said the captain, waving his hand to leeward. The order swept them farther from me, and again, though in despair, I shouted madly.

I was still not seen. I felt moreover, that nothing I could do would aid discovery, I must trust to chance now, however, that it was certain I was missing, the rigging swarmed with honest, warm-hearted tars, and a hundred eager countenances bent from their stations eagerly on the look on.

'I think I see something over the weather bow, sir!' shouted one to the captain, and the whole crew as one man turned anxiously in that direction.--My heart sickened at the diminished chances of escape.

'A port, then, in Heaven's name!' shouted my uncle warmly.

'Ahoy—in mercy's sake—h-a-h-oy!' I gasped, prolonging the last sound as the brig went round, fifty fathoms off.

'Ahoy—a-hoy—a-hoy—a-h-o-o-y!' I screamed again in agony.

'Hark!' said a maintop man, noted for his sharp hearing, and with whom I had often laughed. 'I think I heard something—but' he added dubiously, 'it's off here to lee'ard.

'Ahoy! again, with surpernatural strength I shouted.

'I see him—hurrah!' sung out the man at the foretop, forgetting all discipline.

'Where?—where?' said fifty voices, the stentorian one of the commander ringing over all.

'Off here, over the leeward bow, clinging to that spar.'

'I see him!' shouted an old friend at the end of the fore-yard arm—'the brave boy, hurrah!'

'There he is—there he is—there he is!' sung voice after voice, as the glad tars caught sight of me.

'There he is—God be praised!' cried a voice from the main rigging. 'Starboard ha-ard.'

The emotions, thrilling, gushing, overpowering, of that moment I shall never forget. As my old uncle stood there, the only friend of my youth, with his head bared devoutly, and his long, thin gray hair streaming in the breeze a current of joyful feelings swept over me, and tears of gladness rushed blinding into my eyes I scarce knew what I did in the ecstacy of the moment, but I recollect raising half up on my frail footing, and waving my arms as I hurraed.

'Hurrah!' shouted the old man, waving his hat around his head, and a hundred voices simultaneosly made the welkin ring with their cheers.

'Heave him a rope—throw out that float—hang on bravely, Dick!' said as many voices, and as the gallant brig rushed on me, the ropes fell thick around. I clasped the nearest, but it was useless. The giant fellow who had first heard me was planted in the fore rigging with a rope round his waist, and as the privateer shot by he grasped me dexterously in his arms, and amid deafening shouts we were fairly lifted on the deck.

'Make way, you lubbers—where's the captain?' cried he, carrying me towards the quarter-deck.

'My boy—thank God!' was all the old man could ejaculate, and turning from the crew [for even at that hour his habits of discipline prevailed] he dropped on my cheek the first tears I had ever known him to shed.

'I didn't think, Dick, there was that on earth could make my old eye wet, but come away, my lad,' and he turned away to the gangway. As he did so, my giant rescuer met his eye as he loitered near me.

'Ay, ay, Jim, go to the purser and tell him to give it to you stiff.'

'Thankee, sir.' said he; touching his hat, as he hurried off.

As we turned to go down, I cast a last look on the deck. Far, far away, hull down to leeward, could be seen the frigate, her tall, taper masts, with all their tall tracery just discernable, as if pencilled in the faintest outlines on the distant horizon.

# WASHINGTON CITY

*SATURDAY JULY 30, 1842.*

## THE LEVELLERS AGAIN—*Rumors of another Patriot War as it is called.*

One would think their first attempt in Canada, and their second in Rhode Island, was poor encouragement to try it again. We say in Rhode Island, for there is not the least doubt but those patriots, or rather insurgents, from Canada, had a hand in the *Dorr* insurrection. The fact that a great part of them were strangers, whom nobody in R. I. knew, would sanction the opinion True, many of them were sent from New York, and some came—or attempted to invade Rhode Island from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

These statements, added to the fact that the Rev. VANDERPOOL, and Hon. C. C. CAMBRELING, and other conspicuous leaders in New York, took an active and open part in the Rhode Island insurrection—the *Boston Post*, and other loco foco editors, or their confidants, also on the ground, proves that there was something more in the matter than regarded the *suffrage* party in that State [of which not more than one or two, if any, were found in the Dorr camp] disavowed the crime of bloodshed.

Since we are arraying evidence to prove that there is a party in this country who are desirous to change the government, either by force or fraud, we beg leave to remind the people of the insurrection in Canada some time since. They will recollect that many citizens of the U. S. were engaged in it—that arms, money, and munitions of war were reported to have been furnished by the citizens of the United States, as proved in the affair of the Caroline upon the trial of McLeod. It is equally clear that the suppression of the rebellion did not extinguish the spirit of revolt, as me find by report they are now holding meetings on the same subject in Michigan.*

Why do they come to the United States to concert their plans? Why did they do so before? Certainly because there are men (if a rabble of outlaws, counterfeiters, gamblers, who infest the borders, deserve the name) in the U. S. ready to join them. That there are a vast number of turbulent men on both sides of the line, and all our large cities, who live by rapine and plunder, and will never be at peace—and sorry are we to find our country disgraced by a set of demagogues, encouraging them by becoming their leaders, and through their chief, of whom the STUPID DORR was a mere tool—conceals his coward head for very shame—yet his emissaries—lured by the *speedy possession of wealth and power* held out to them, are scouting over the country as thick as blackberries. Several of them have called at our house. A large party of them dwell in this city, both *foreigners* and *natives*. This, we believe to be the case in all our great towns, and doubtless throughout the Union, and such is the deadly hate with which their leaders have inflamed them against "the rich," holding them up as "oppressors of man," "tyrants, who live in splendor upon the labor of the poor." DOWN WITH THE RICH." "DOWN WITH THE LAND HOLDERS." "DOWN WITH ALL BANKS AND BANK MEN." "BENTON AND HARD MONEY FOR EVER." This is particularly confined to secresy.

Meantime a sharp ear can hear the words "there goes a d—d land-holder. There goes a d—d bank-man," uttered to each other in an under tone.

Therefore, taking every circumstance into view, as we remarked in a late paper, this party is revolutionary! and though called by different names, are LEVELLERS or agrarians in principle, and it is our belief that the contagion has spread far and wide—that it extends not only through Canada—and portions of the United States, but ENGLAND—IRELAND and probably SCOTLAND. And it was probably some of those deluded men, or through them, that attempts have been made upon the life of the Queen, that the *Chartists*, the Dorrites, and the *Patriots* of Canada have one and the same object in view. This is evident from the atrocious character of the Dorr insurrection, who turned out to be foreigners and BUTT ENDERS, and FIVE POINTERS, from New York, and other States! This is clear, as the suffrage party in Rhode Island issued cards denying any act or part in the Dorr war.

In England and Ireland the poor are no doubt oppressed. Well, what of it? The poor are oppressed in all Europe. Why not bewail the poor in *Russia*, Prussia, Sweden, Poland, Spain, Germany, &c. where the people are used little better than beasts of burthen! But to return! We believe the accounts we receive are greatly exaggerated by the CHARTISTS, whose object, like the levellers in this country, is to put down every thing by brute force—murder and assassination, *Lords*, *Commons*, sovereign, nobility, and all, are to be swept from the earth in imitation of the human butcheries of the French Revolution!

The enormity of the plan, however, both as relates to this country and England, ought not to be charged to the misguided people, but to those demons in human shape, whose boundless ambition has cost the world oceans of blood, and would make war in heaven, were they ever to get there. These take advantage of the people—their discontent—the credulity—their cupidity—their desire of revenge—their thirst for blood and carnage, or, as the case may be, and excite them to phrenzy—offering to be their leader, and the spoils their reward. Thus the poor dupes are led on to destruction, and their leader perhaps, to the halter.

But what cause have the people in *this* country to *rebel against* the laws. They are the SOVEREIGNS—there are no kings, nor lords, nor dukes, nor tythes here. The same laws are open to all—the same offices of honor and trust, are open to all. Commerce and agriculture are alike open to all. Freedom of opinion, and freedom of religion are guaranteed to all. What more could they *wish*? What more could they *obtain*, were they to fight a life time? The man who would *not* be *contented* with all these blessings, is not in his proper senses. "Then," Mrs. R. [says an intelligent foreigner at our elbow] "there are a great many people in your happy country, not in their proper senses—for so far from being contented, they are bursting with rage, and ready to massacre one-half of your population." Then they are not in their proper senses, it being self-evident the cause of their discontent is IMAGINARY. Such persons would be miserable in a palace of gold, with silver pages to wait on them.

But how does it happen that those sovereigns of the soil, possessed of every blessing which might render them happy, are yet so miserable? We answer. Just as it happens with the sovereigns of *Europe*, EVIL COUNCILLORS.

(*To be Continued.*)

* It is said in the papers large quantity of powder has disappeared from some place in New York.

## THE NEGOTIATION.

The "But Enders" and shellaly corps will be raving at the amiable termination of the Northern Boundary question, so far as the Commissioners are concerned. This is a sore blow to the LEVELLERS—their hopes of a war, which was ultimately based on this question, is, we trust, at an end.

But they will persevere—nothing but a ball or the rope can cure them of the *war* fever.

Gov. Fairfield can never be praised enough for his address and statesmanship, in the responsibility that rested upon him, in this important business—indeed much credit is due to all parties.

The GLOBE holds a different opinion from our very humble self. He is like his friend Dorr, a man of war. Since we commenced writing this article, we find the following in the Madisonian.

"NORTHEASTERN BOUNDARY.—We are authorized to say that a conventional line of boundary, with its various conditions and equivalents, has been agreed on by the Executive and the British Special Envoy, with the unanimous consent of the Commissioners of Maine and Massachusetts. We congratulate all parties upon this happy and honorable result."

This will give joy to many an anxious heart! So much for the *falsehoods* fabricated upon the issue of this subject.

The Globe is bitter against Mr. Webster. This is what Amos calls honest democracy.

Can that man have a heart that would prefer strife and bloodshed, to peace and amity? Some knowledge of the levellers may be gained by the language of the Globe on this treaty. The fact is, that no arrangement that had peace for its object, would please that party—they can make "considerable" capital out of this amongst their silly dupes.

## COURTEOUS.

The Baltimore Sun has become wonderful courteous all at once.

After quoting the remarks of the Intelligencer on the subject of the Boundary treaty, he adds the following—

"We most heartily unite with our Washington cotemporary in congratulating the country on the settlement of this long-vexed question, and that the terms of settlement will give the anticipated satisfaction we are willing to believe—"

Very condescending indeed. But what will his Dorr friends—the *levellers*, say to this? A number of them are in this city, to the honor and glory of the Metropolis of our great Republic.

What would Gen. WASHINGTON say, were he to arise from his tomb, and find the city founded by himself, and called by his name, filled with individuals, breathing insolence and treason against the liberty achieved by his independence and patriotism?

☞ "The Boston Mercantile Journal is decidedly in favor of the 'Big Tariff bill" that has passed the House, and deprecates another Veto—the Atlas ditto—ditto the Courier, &c. The Post and the Times are on the other side."

"The POST and the TIMES." What the Times is we do not know, but the Post has always been found on every side but the side of his country. His blanks, paper and twine-ship is to have choice of first admiral (in the Navy) or commander-in-chief of LEVELLERS, with Dorr and Slam for his aids, and a ball of twine for his device. He ought to increase it a strand or two.

## THE STAR!

We give it up—Brother STREETER is running off with all the newspaper honors. Blankets and pennies are completely eclipsed by the lustre of the STAR. It is so good—so much of it, he will surfeit his readers—and so exquisitely got up, that we do not wonder at the oft repeated question amongst the ladies, "'Wonder if Mr. Streeter is married?" "And what if he ain't, we ask, he will never desert 'his Anne."

But pray, Brother, how do you manage to live at all and write so much this hot weather? all genuine!

We trust Ephraim and Simon are well. Sally likes their dialogues of all things—Jeffrey is very sorry to have offended that pleasant boy Ephraim. He would not have offended him for worlds, and promises fair for the future.

By the way, does Mr. S. know Wm. Wallace, Esq. who resides in Richmond? He is a middle aged man, a native of Scotland, and one of her noblest sons, being a descendent from the renowned hero of that name, well known in modern history.

The younger Sir William, may be known by his exceeding modesty and diffidence, and for the amiable qualities of his heart. Should Mr. S. have the pleasure to know

him, will he have the kindness to say Mrs. R.'s grateful acknowledgments.

We have another friend there, A. A. KIRSHMAN. He is another of your whole-souled men. See him by all means, for my sake: and you will be pleased with him.

## THE VETO.'

"Oh, Mrs. R. will the PRESIDENT veto the big tariff?" We think not. If he does, he and Mr. WISE ought to go to the insane hospital.

## HON. BARKER BURNELL.

We thought to have left a paragraph or so, to gratify ourself as well as the people, by a few extracts from Mr. B.'s speech, upon the Navy apprentice system. Every one of humanity will be pleased to hear that those oppressed, degraded and friendless young creatures have at length found a friend in Congress.

VERY PLAIN ORDER.—A student in one of our colleges, on his way home during vacation, stopped for the night at a tavern in the country. A lighting from his gig, he gave the following very clear, and plain order to the ostler: 'Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutricious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, *I* will reward you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality.'

DELICACY.—'Miss Charlotte, what part of the mullet will you take?' said Scragg the other morning to the lovely divinity of the breakfast table, whilst endeavoring to do the amiable.

'The brush, if you please,' replied that fragrant and delicate embodiment of sensibility and delicacy.

'Beg pardon,' said Scragg, 'did I understand you would take the head——'

'The other part,' rejoined the blushing Charlotte.

A stump ora'or, who wished to gammon some Germans just previous to an election, in order to obtain their votes, observed that tho' he was not a german himself yet he had a brother that was remarkably fond of german sausages.

'Pat,' said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty-four hours in succession, 'how do you contrive to sleep so long?'

'How?' said Pat, 'why I pay attintion to it.'

☞As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream.

"Och honey!' he exclaimed solemnly, 'that iver I should come all the way to America to see a snuff box walk!'

'Whist!" said his wife, don't be after making fun of the birds'

OLD BUT GOOD —*The* following is again going the rounds of the press—it was written many years since, but is well worth republication.—[Iron City.

Scene, a School Room.—Boy.—'Master, this gal keeps a sayin I'm a thief!'

Master. 'What does she say you have stolen?'

Boy. 'She says I stole her character.'

At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said, 'I geth he did, I geth he did—for I theen him behind the thcool-houth, eating thomething.

Dutiful Children. 'Well, Mrs. Ryan, it's a blessing to a father to have dutiful children. Now, there's my boy Tim, I'll say this for him, he never hits me when I'm down. That Tim's a blessing, any how.

The greatest case of love is that of a young blade of Kentucky, who got into a hollow tree, where he lived a whole week, peeping through a knot hole at his true love, as she sat sowing bear skin petticoats at her window.

Lovers. Lovers must not trust too implicitly to their visual organs. A tender swain once reproached his inamorata with suffering, 'But I saw it. 'Nay, then, cried the offended fair, 'I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word.

## POETRY.

### MY OWN PET WIFE.

Bright is thy forehead, pure and high
As the warm love I bear to thee—
And bright to me as summer's sky
Is the dark radiance of thine eye—
Bright is thy cheek which ever glows
With the soft tints which deck the rose—
Bright is thy lip, whose crimson sweet
Still breathes of love, without deceit;
And bright thy chin, whose playful life
Endears me to 'my own pet-wife."

Bright is the smile which decks thy brow.
And teaches each loved friend to know
The welcome that he has to share
Our homely, yet not niggard, fare—
And brighter still that smile becomes
Whene'er thy watchful care remove
The well-bleached damask from the board
To place the wine, our choicest hoard,
For valued guest, our friend through life,
Is dining with 'my own pet-wife.'

Sweet in thy converse, dear the tale
Wherewith you struggle to regale
Our cheerful mood, and help refine
The pleasure of my friend and wine—
But, if you join in song or glee,
Then doubtly sweet is melody.
And, oh! how sweet, how deep the thrill,
The sacred ecstacy I feel.
When thy pure song, from earth set free,
Breathes homage to the Deity—
Then art thou dearer far than life,
More deeply loved 'my own pet-wife.'

Dear is the sound of thy light tread,
Floating around me as if bred,
With fairy cadence, to beat time
To music of a purer clime.
Dear is thy every look and tone
When morning draws me from my home,
And dearer far to me they seem.
When evening leads me back again—
Then is the cloud ond storm of life.
Made sunshine by 'my own pet-wife.'

Mithter!—Mither—thtop! thtop—thtop!—tht-o-o-o-p!'

'Well boy, what do you want with me?'

'*O* my—Mithter, don't you walk like thunder, though—I'm all out of breath—I'm *blowed* it I ain't—Whew!'

'Well, you little rascal, why dont you tell what you want? I'm in a great hurry.'

'Yeth—he-he-he! I know that Mithter—aint it warm, though?—*Whew!*'

'Out with what you want, you dunce, or I'll go'

'O. dont fret yourthelf—Ma thayth fretin' thpiles the appetite. Dont thpile mine, though—he-he-he! *Whew!*'

'Get out, you little fool.

'Thtop, thtop, jetht a minait, whew?'

'What *do* you want, boy!'

'Ith your name Tham Rogers?

'Sam Rogers? no.

'Well, Tham owth my Ma half a dollar for wathing his thirth, and I thought you might be Tham. Look here mithter, thpothin pay thith, will yer?

'Huh! get out of my way, boy.—(Rich.)

'Pat,' said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty-four hours in succession, 'how do you contrive to sleep so long?'

'How?' said Pat 'why I pay *attintion* to it.'

A TRIFLING MISTAKE. 'How do you feel?' said a high-pressure field preacher a short time since at a camp meeting in Mississippi, to a dry wag of a chap who had located himself upon the 'anxious seat' by mistake.

'Quite well, I thank you, how do you come on yourself?' retorted the wag.

'We have rescued thirty-seven to-day.

'Have you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I suppose you think you've done d——d well, don't you?'

That 'last brick but' ended the conversation instanter.. [N. O. Pic.

Pat was sorely complaining of having lost his appetite. 'Ah by my soul,' says Teague, I hope no poor person has found it, for it will certainly be the ruination of him if he has,'


STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long establ.ished house, for convenience. and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23,1840



PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A. M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each inserion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisments affords no interest to the readers.

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MICHAEL M'ERMOT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING USINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hoes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS HALL'S
BOARDING HOUSE,
*Penn sylvania Avnne,*
NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL
WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by severa Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD. —This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have hokly name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO
Wholesale Druggists, New York

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*Manufactured by James Jack.*

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MEN'S fine eal, Morocco, and calf boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
*Do* coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans. and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
*Do* Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

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JOHN PURDON.

CHARLES CAHAN

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DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTCE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line to Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gaesby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes. by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro and that every motion. in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles. is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs. seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparations capable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them. The symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the rections contained in the work which accompanies them without the aid of a physician and can be used with perfect safety and success with dieting or inveniences.

## NOTICE

As there will be but one boat on the route on — day, the PHENIX will make five trips on ea' day between ashington and Alexanderia.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and two 4, and 6 o'clock P. M.

AMES. GUY, Jr. Captain.

## NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON.

yhG. Watterston, — 1—The above work is just Wued, with a frontispiece of the Statue fo shshington, by Greenough, and contains every Bing relating to the history of washington, of its toigress and improvements since its origin the lrpon and stranger, and is a perfect guide to oili its object of curiosity, and to every thing alse that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of washington, though not a mere picture book—all sat institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but olits rhetorily described. It sketches its usages oustoms, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the conditici of the legal and medical professions—its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—du ies of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful local; and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess Among the descriptions of the societies which have be n organized in ashington, are two at consi erable length, and of great interest—one, of the N tional Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the bookstore of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory AND

## UPHOLSTERER

### G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat, Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

A person wishing to exchange their old furniture

## CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, beow the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of articles in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruits, &c. H. BARNS

## FRESH GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

*J. F. CALLAN'S,*

*Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,*

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Brocci, Coards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Cherviy or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Gass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and sive. Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large. Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spinage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, a the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

The seeds are put up in small convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. the Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise a the new varieties Ode and be sold at the New York prices.

*** orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

## $100 REWARD.

### DR. STORM'S SPECIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the breath of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure. and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depend upon; when, for $1, you can purchased pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composen solely of vegetable substance? One hundredred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, nd by J. & W. Young jr.

Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

## GERMAN HOTEL,

BY

*CHARLES ROSENTHRAL.* south

The proprietor has removed to the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th and 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by C. L. COLTMAN, where he will be happy to entertain his old customers and strangers.

## THE GENUINE VEGETABLE PILLS.

An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T Jardella, corner of 12th and the avenue.

Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, D by Linthicum

## PROPOSALS

FOR

*PUBLISHING* BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and the Rev R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary avidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhausted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without distressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

*Agents:*—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing-Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnonn Utica, N. Y.;—Mr. T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.; Mr. Peter Haynes. Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectaries to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the value.

JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn-Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store and latterly by the office of the Native American where he will be happy to attend to and accommodate all who may favor with their custom, with every article a Grocery.

## STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

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## CHARLES CAHAN

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## SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES

of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females complaints.

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